

You ask of regrets
as though a Sinatra refrain
could softly affirm. I say not
sexual & romantic, re-
quited or no, or
instances of
mean esprit.

Nor similar cruelty
exhorting another to
dance my tune.

For genuine shame--& I didn't
often thus whore--gushing.

That's what I squirm
to think of.

It wasn't me. Puke
inducing! What
got into...?

Fortunately, my worst
kowtows registered
with some as sarcasm.

The tone you set lends
momentary grace.
Undeserved, shimmering.